

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Charles B. Moore
Editor

The Lexington Transcript

HAPPY OVER THE APPOINTMENT OF ANOTHER SALOON MAN.

The following is from the Lexington Transcript of September 6, to which I invite a dispassionate reading by the public, before reading my comments:

The New Coal Oil Inspector.

Judge P. P. Johnston yesterday appointed Mr. Chas. B. Gilman, coal oil inspector of Fayette County, to succeed Mr. W. L. Yellman, whose time expires on the 15th inst.

Mr. Gilman has lived in Lexington for many years, and is thoroughly identified with the city. He is an enterprising business man, and his record as a gentleman and as a Democrat goes without question. He has a large number of friends in all parts of the city and county, and his appointment will give general satisfaction. In fact no better man could have been selected for the place. The appointment comes in the nature of a very great compliment, considering the number of estimable gentlemen who were applicants for the place.

Judge Johnston has a happy knack of making appointments that are acceptable to the people, and in this case he has fairly outdone himself. Mr. Gilman will make a faithful officer, and the community will applaud the action of Judge Johnston in recognizing him.

Mr. Gilman, the happy subject of the foregoing eulogy, is a saloon-keeper on the corner of Mill and Water Streets. His business house is adjacent to that unbragging contiguity, the moral atmosphere of which is such that Aldermen Treacy and Simrall have lately proposed to clean it out.

I do not remember that I ever met Colonel Gilman, to know him, in my life. In this, from the Transcript's account of him, I seem to have been unfortunate.

As a newspaper man I have frequently had occasion to meet people in their private houses and also at public gatherings, in very handsome surroundings, as the parlors of the Phoenix Hotel, for instance, who were met for the purpose of getting up the charity institutions of our city, or to arrange about lectures, or music, or schools, or art galleries, or libraries, or things of this kind. I suppose, however, that they were generally a kind of second-class society, with which Colonel Gilman, for those little reasons that high-toned people have a right to keep to themselves, did not care to mingle, else I might have had the honor of the Colonel's acquaintance.

These people that I allude to were such folk as Mrs. Judge Woodward, Mrs. Dan Saffarins, Mrs. S. A. Charles, Mrs. Charlie Voorhies, the banker's wife, Mrs. Ballard, and Miss Peter; and then such men as the Rev. Dr. Bartlett, and Edmundson, and Estlin Keller, and Andy Campbell, and Will Sayre, and others of that kind; all very clever people in their "proper sphere," as the lamented Artemus Ward used to call it, but then after all that is said about men's being born "equal," we have to admit the fact, if not the necessity, of social castes; and in men, as in oysters, there will always be "selects" who, like Col. Gilman, an eagle among buzzards, will "soar above the carrion crew and go to bathe his plumage in the sun."

Col. Gilman is alluded to as a "business man" of the first water—if so mild a fluid may be mentioned in connection with a Lexington saloon-keeper. My experience was that his methods in that line were perhaps a little peculiar. I was collector for the Transcript, and Colonel Gilman owed the Transcript \$2.50. I called at his saloon for it. Somebody, that I suppose was his confidential clerk, reported that the Colonel was at Saratoga at the races. I bowed myself out and called again. The next time he was in Boston, and the next in New York, then St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Detroit, Birmingham, New Orleans, San Francisco, Portland, St. Paul, Nashville, Mexico, &c. It was always represented that the Colonel had been there since I had called before, but had just gone the day before I called.

One day I alluded to this fact as a remarkable coincidence, and a great big fellow that weighed about two hundred and fifty, mistaking my innocent suggestion as a reflection on his "truth and veracity," said that I had better get out of there p. d. q.

I am naturally a fast walker, and as I was in something of a hurry anyway, he did not have occasion to repeat it. Of course I did not go back, but as a business transaction

I tried afterwards to estimate how much that \$2.50 bill had cost the Transcript. I was getting \$65 a month, and I calculated that the time spent on Colonel Gilman cost the Transcript \$15, and cost me individually 45 cents wear off a \$3 pair of shoes.

There were other saloons that owed the Transcript, but I never had any trouble with the others; the Editor had another way of liquidating them. He and Judge Soule Smith would start out about twelve o'clock every night. They would pass by Gus Jaubert's because he was an Alderman, and the Judge, being an Alderman also, seemed to be afraid of Jaubert's samples. But they would start in at Toke Lee's, he being a nigger, and they would go ahead until they would get even on seventy-five or a hundred lines of "locals" at five cents a line, but by the time they would get down to Colonel Gilman's, they would get so that they could not liquidate worth a cent, and in that way the Colonel got ahead of the Transcript.

Though I do not know the Colonel, as I said, I hope Judge Johnston will allow me to join in this enthusiastic 'laudation' that comes up to him from all over the country. I was educated in Old Virginia, and my father came from there, and I know that anybody who writes F. F. V. after his name could only be actuated by the highest motives of patriotism in appointing the Colonel to this office, and not by any "reciprocity" scheme, like that of Brother Blaine lately in the South American matter; it being a fact that Colonel Gilman, belonging to the saloon business, the most respectable and influential business in this city, would be likely, in turn, to boost Judge Johnston, when the Judge wants something better than the sinecure which he now holds.

It is true that the high-toned Colonel Gilman may never have seen a gallon of the plebeian oil that he is to inspect, but his large acquaintance with "Benzine," of which I hear frequent mention in saloon circles, would, of course, give him a natural aptitude for coal oil. And then the fact of the Colonel's being a "Democrat," as the Transcript justly emphasizes, as an evidence of his competency, shows that he must have intellectual and educational abilities that would fit him for any emergency.

Ordinarily a knowledge of chemistry would be regarded as an element of competency for coal oil inspector, and some mind not so far reaching and comprehensive as that of Judge Johnston, "would have appointed some such man as Dr. Peter, the most eminent chemist in America, or Dr. Simrall, or Overstreet, or T. B. Wood, all professional chemists; but all of these men have helped the Blue-Grass Blade with their money, and are consequently offensive to the saloon element, the sentiment of which latter class of society Judge Johnston is, of course, too considerate to offend.

The management of coal oil inspection, to mere laymen, is peculiar. Dr. R. J. O'Mahony, a French gentleman, as his name indicates, who was born in Cork, was lately coal oil inspector here. It would be rude for me to say that the Doctor ever gets drunk, but as newspaper reporters, the Doctor and I have been chums for years, and I would simply say that the Doctor is an incessant and excessive drinker. His normal condition for the twenty years that I have known him has been such that he could not have told coal oil from water, if he had had the whole laboratory, out at the State College, at his disposal.

At pretty regular intervals here when I have been working on these Democrat newspapers they would fire me out because I would say something about religion, that would raise Cain, and I would go out home disconsolate, and go to work on my little farm, until they would send for me again, just like the Transcript did about three weeks ago, to come back and try it over.

During these times I have come to town in my two-horse wagon and gone down to Chess-Carley Company's and would buy at one time a barrel of coal oil and one of gasoline. I have gone there many times and never saw Dr. O'Mahony there; but hanging up on the wall of Chess-Carley Company's warehouse, was Dr. O'Mahony's inspection stencil, stating that this barrel had been tested and found to be of splendid proof, and was all hunky-dory generally, and the Doctor's name was signed to the bottom, and paints and brushes, that we all had to pay for, were setting convenient, and any nigger on the premises could put the Doctor's sworn certificate on any barrel in that house, when the Doctor had been on a jamboree for a month, and seeing snakes that double discounted the lay-out of the Cincinnati Zoo. Knowing the Doctor intimately as I did, I never relied upon the statement on the head of the barrel, but always stuck my nose to the bung hole to tell which was gasoline and which

coal oil, and put my private mark upon them.

Of course great corporations like the Chess-Carley Company never purposely do anything wrong. The people connected with them are always good and pious, else they would not get so rich; but it always seemed strange, under the circumstances, that there was any necessity for paying Doctor O'Mahony at all. But then the Doctor is an Irishman and a Catholic, and as he possibly could not make a living any other way, it would look like race discrimination, and religious persecution, not to give him an office. And you know I am in a fix to sympathize with any man who is persecuted for his religious convictions.

While the Transcript's compliment is a very high one to Judge Johnston and Colonel Gilman, there is a little fact, that I am sorry to say throws some little suspicion on its sincerity. It is simply a fact that it is a mere question of boodle whether the Transcript boosts the Judge and the Colonel, or the reverse.

Not long ago, when the Editor of the Transcript got wind of the fact that the Blue-Grass Blade was about to be resurrected by a stock company, he wrote me a postal to call and see him. His scheme was to get the Blue-Grass Blade men to put their money into the Transcript, and while he was to get sick for a month or two, or go off to the Springs, I, the most blatant Prohibitionist in the State, was to assume the tripod of the Transcript, and inaugurate the new regime, by ripping the saloon men up the back, like seven year leucists, and skinning the whole Court House ring until their own mamma's would not know them.

For a while he had the wool over my eyes, and stating the case as I understood it to two of my friends, Col. Bob Thornton and Dr. Coleman, they advised me to go into the arrangement, supposing that the Transcript's Editor had earnestly repented; but as soon as he suggested the boodle feature of his penitence, I saw the same old racket, and reported adversely to my backers.

The Transcript Editor has read Shakespeare, and he remembers that Iago said to Roderigo, "Put money in my purse."

I suppose that no man can be any more earnest than I in praising Judge Johnston for this appointment of Colonel Gilman. I hope soon to see the day when no man but a saloon-keeper, or a drunkard, or somebody who is the avowed friend of whiskey, can get any office in this city or county, and I hope that Judge Johnston will appoint that kind every time. In these inebriate asylums they cure old drunkards by putting whisky in their bread, and meat, and butter, and vegetables, and molasses, and pie, and coffee, and tea, and milk, and water, and pouring some in their beds at night.

That's the only kind of treatment that will do Lexington any good.

I want drunken judges and jury-men, whisky swigging jailers, and policemen, clerks and firemen, and city weighers, and coal oil inspectors, with noses on them like premium beet; and I want the few Aldermen and Councilmen, who are not saloon-keepers or drunkards, fired out, and their places filled with men who talk English with a brogue, and say "them license" for a license.

Judge Johnston, you are my man. Luck to you, old fellow! Stick a saloon man into every place you can. You and your kind are doing the Prohibition cause more good for the sweet by-and-by than a regiment of George Bains and forty Blue-Grass Blades. We all see your wise policy through your ingenious disguise, and The Blade joins with the Transcript in glory-fying you.

A Baggage Lifting Machine.

Why not? The Saratoga trunk has now reached its maximum. It is so big that nothing short of an elephant is equal to the task of handling it easily. Great heaps of these trunks are piled mountain high upon a wagon, and then the railroad baggage handler is expected to transfer all to a train carefully, tenderly, as if he were handling eggs. He does not do it, of course; he could not if he were an angel instead of a man, and he gets abused on all sides.

The baggage smasher wears out almost as soon as the trunks he is thought to take a fiendish delight in breaking. No mortal man can endure the strain of lifting hundreds of huge, unwieldy trunks day after day, year after year, and no mortal man ought to be expected to stand it. Some sort of lifting machine ought to be rigged to raise trunks from the ground into the express wagons, and then to lift them again from the wagon at the railway station to the truck that carries them aboard the train. The machine should be attached to the wagon itself, and need not weigh much. It would save all the back aching, all the back breaking, and what is more the profane language indulged in by the truck men. Likewise it would save our pretty girls' big trunks, and they could still appear at summer resorts in all their flowerlike glory. A machine of this sort ought to be easy for some shrewd American to invent.

In the *Foran* *Levee* John P. Finley sums up the attainments science has thus far made in the investigation of tornadoes. They may occur at any place in America east of the 105th meridian, and at any time, though they are most common in the period from March 1 to the end of September. May is the worst month in the year for them. They form when warm, moist air begins to flow underneath a stratum of colder, dryer air. These whirl over and upon one another and produce the tornado. There are real signs of a tornado's approach usually long enough beforehand for persons to protect themselves from it, as far as protection is possible. There are deathlike stillness and oppressive heat. Detached clouds scurry through the sky toward a common center. In the west and north west appears a dense bank of black clouds. Sometimes is heard the roar of the wind in the vortex of the tornado cloud. The approaching tornado cloud of dust, rain, etc., is generated by the vortex of whirling air and is funnel shaped, with the small end toward the earth.

The tornado forms in the northwest and moves toward the east and northeast. To run away from it one must travel in the direction opposite to that which it takes. Its usual time of appearing is the hottest portion of the day, generally from 3:30 to 5 in the afternoon. Finally, no structure that mortal man can build is able to withstand its violence. The best houses in topographical regions are wooden ones, from the fact that when they fall they do not fall so heavily. Tornadoes caves such as that, Finley describes below will save lives, and should be attached to houses in regions where such storms are frequent. He recommends strongly tornado accident insurance policies for both life and property. Tornadoes average about 146 a year in this country, and occur just about as often as they have done ever since their number was first recorded.

The underground retreat is described as follows:

The tornado cave offers absolute security to life and limb, and no means of protection can replace it for that purpose. This retreat may be constructed as a cellar cave or as a dug out. In the former case an excavation is made in the west wall of the cellar, on a level with the floor, and is carried underground a distance sufficient to provide comfortable quarters for those who propose to occupy the cave. The overlying earth must be supported by heavy timbers, and then arched over with masonry of brick or stone. This extra precaution concerning the roof is necessary to provide against any serious damage to it by falling timbers or heavy masses of debris. The excavation is made into the west wall, because the storm, always approaching from the west, will carry the debris away from that side. The cave is a tornado cave not necessarily connected with any building. Houses are not furnished with cellars, and, moreover, a tornado cave is sometimes required where there are no buildings, or at least where they are not so situated as to make connection with the cave practicable.

The Mannerless Sex.

It is thus that Oscar Fay Adams characterizes women in The North American Review. Has Mr. Adams, being an eastern man, never seen the men piling over one another to board a New York city elevated train morning and evening, and knocking both men and women out of the way, that makes the sweeping assertion that men in public would not be allowed to treat one another for half an hour as women habitually treat their own sex. If not, then Mr. Adams should go and look at them. No gorillas in an African jungle, no pigs tumbling over one another at a feed trough were ever more regardless of the rights of others. To follow Mr. Adams' own expression, such behavior would not be tolerated half an hour in any interior or western city. Yet it goes on unchecked, unrebuked even, day after day, year after year, in the metropolis of the United States.

Meanwhile, that the ladies may know just what Mr. Adams charges specifically against them, we copy the following items:

- First—The indifference with which a woman will contemplate the fact that the convenience of others has been sacrificed to her caprice. Very observable in young women.
- Second—The needless delay a woman often causes in making her appearance when visitors have called upon her. Most commonly noticed among women who are no longer classed as girls.
- Third—The unwillingness of a woman to wait for another to finish speaking before beginning to speak herself. Characteristic of nearly all women.
- Fourth—Woman's failure to recognize the importance of an engagement. Most noticeable among women who have the fewest social duties.

Chicago, with the vast grain and animal producing region around her, the lake at her front and the lumber regions across and along the lake, looks confidently forward to the time when she will be the metropolis of the country and New York its seaport. London, say Chicagoans, is the largest city in the world, yet it is not much of a port. Liverpool is the seaport of England. Paris, with over two and one-quarter million inhabitants, is not a seaport. Neither is Berlin nor Vienna, each with a million and a quarter population. So what is to hinder Chicago from becoming the largest city in America?

The New York Australian ballot law has been transferred to some small municipal elections. It is modified so that the names of the different sets of opposing candidates are printed on separate papers. The ticket the voter uses and that he rejects must both be deposited—one in the regular ballot box, the other in a receptacle for unused ballots.

The fact that there is a flourishing Methodist university in the heart of Utah, that it is even called Utah university, and above all that its president is Rev. Sam Small, is enough to make Brigham Young and all the Mormon saints turn over in their graves and howl.

Minister Phelps is working manfully for the cause of American pork in Germany. Referring to a report that he contemplated resigning, Mr. Phelps writes home, "I don't want to go out of Berlin till the American hog comes in."

Ex-President Andrew D. White has made a great discovery. He announces in The Popular Science Monthly that some human skulls have been found at Cro Magnon and elsewhere amid surroundings that indicate a lower order of civilization than that which now exists.

Stanley says of Emin Pashua "He is continually in the alk, and it is useless to meddle with him."

There is one trust that is going to smash the record. That is the potato trust of New Jersey. It is now buying and shipping to the west thousands of bushels of potatoes.

There are few peaches, apples or plums east of the Pacific slope. The pear crop is a dead failure in most parts. But there will be cranberries without end. Let us take courage.

The free use of the pistol by some private detectives in the New York Central strike calls to mind a certain law of Indiana. This law prohibits the employment of private detectives in the suppression of industrial strikes.

The position of the British mechanic and trades unionist on the eight hour labor day is this: He goes in for it heartily, but he thinks it ought to come about through agreement between laborers and their employers themselves, and not by parliamentary legislation. This legislation he is opposed to.

Chicago has too much of only one thing, and that is her irrepressible smoke nuisance. That is the trail of the serpent over all her beauty. Perhaps the natural gas which will come to the city through pipes now being laid will do much to suppress this. It ought to be suppressed if there is gas enough in the Indiana fields to do it.

Are we to have nothing left of old story and romance, absolutely nothing? It has been found that wherever in the desert of Sahara artesian wells are driven an abundance of pure, sweet water gushes forth, and vegetation springs up as by magic. The French are driving many of these wells, and planting palm trees which will in course of time yield a handsome revenue. These industrious French are also building a railway from Algeria into the heart of what was the desert of Sahara, but will soon be that no more. Besides that the same people are seriously preparing to wipe out the barbaric kingdom of Dahomey and annex it to France. Then France, too, will have something to show in the way of African conquests. But there will be no more Sahara, no more women warriors.

Should Women Propose?

This new question promises to become quite as interesting as the old one whether marriage is a failure. In Bulwer's "Coming Race" it is the women who do the courting and pop the question. Among lions and sparrows alike it is the female who chooses the mate that is most agreeable to her. The lioness remains a true and faithful spouse to her chosen one for three years or thereabouts, naturalists say, then she shakes him and gets another one. She has the matter all in her own hands, or paws, and the lord of beasts has nothing to say about it.

Certain unperfected ladies in England, mindful of the ever increasing army of unwedded maidens in the kingdom, now contend with much earnestness that women, not men, should do the proposing. Thus there would be more marriages and fewer old maids and bachelors, though considering the divorce courts it does not necessarily follow that that would be an improvement. Women would stand a better chance of getting the men they want, while men could only sit bashfully by in a row and wait to be asked. Men have had a monopoly of popping the question for ages that are quite long enough, now let it be the other sex's turn, they say. There is one good result that might flow from it. The great mass of discontented and unhappy married ladies could not then blame their husbands for bringing them into misery. The misery would be of their own making.

A Bridge and Two Tunnels.

The project for building a bridge across the Hudson river between New York and Jersey City is rapidly taking shape. There is no reason, except the very interests, why a bridge and tunnel both should not be constructed between New York and Jersey. Even then the facilities for travel and traffic would be taxed. The tunnel is progressing quietly, not much being said about it. English capital is employed in it largely. Meantime the amount necessary to begin the construction of the great bridge has nearly all been subscribed and 10 per cent. paid in. Railroad and bank officials have taken the major part of the stock.

Another project still more imposing has taken shape in the fertile brain of Mr. Ernest Witman. It is no less than a tunnel from Staten Island to Brooklyn. Brooklyn is now cut off directly from manufacturing interests, because of the expense and difficulty of communication with the rest of the world. A railroad from the southern extremity of the island at Arthur Kill will connect with the tunnel. The tunnel will cross New York bay at a point some distance above the Narrows, where the forts stand opposite each other, one on Long Island, the other on Staten Island. It will strike South Brooklyn at Bay Ridge.

This tunnel will afford direct communication with Long Island for eight trunk railway lines, and the freight on coal alone for Brooklyn and the island will pay the interest on the whole cost of the tunnel, \$6,000,000. German capital is said to be backing the scheme. The tunnel will have two tracks.

John L. Sullivan has a sense of humor quite unknown to himself. He used in the most solemn manner to introduce his little old father to strangers as "the only man on God's earth who ever licked me."

The Journalist makes this very significant comment on the new city editor of The New York Herald: "Reick seems to enjoy in a marked degree the confidence and esteem of the commodore. Whom the gods love die young."

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